# To lie under

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/45778693.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationship: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter |
| Characters: | Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham's Dogs |
| Additional Tags: | Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Succubi & Incubi, Succubus Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Hannibal Lecter, Top Will Graham, Smut, Rimming, Blow Jobs, Anal Sex, Hannibal's huge tiddies, and his huge dick, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, and some time in the future, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Dark Will Graham, Hannigram Week 2023, this got soft towards the end i'm sorry i'm weak |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 6 of Hannigram Week 2023 |
| Stats: | Published: 2023-03-16 Words: 5,447 Chapters: 1/1 |

# To lie under

by KeyKnows


Summary

Will Graham is a profiler working for the FBI and he's losing his head working on all those gruesome cases. One night, while being trapped in his house in the middle of a storm, a strange man with red eyes comes to visit him and give him just what he needs to forget about his job.


Notes

My entry for the second day, I chose succubi and inccubi because, well, I'm horny idk

See the end of the work for more notes

The storm was meant to quiet down by afternoon, that's what they said in the weather forecast, but Will has had to go out, secure the barn and windows because the storm just doesn't stop.

What worries him the most are his dogs. There's a generator behind the house and he's got enough firewood and canned food in case the storms traps him here for a few days, even a few weeks if he's careful about his rations, but his dogs won't handle being caged well. Buster and Zoe are particularly anxious and the cold makes Ellie, the oldest of the pack, lethargic and sad.

With a sigh, Will arranges some newspapers on the floor so his dogs can go to the bathroom. If the storms calms down a little he may be able to let them out in the morning, but he's not counting on that.

The fireplace is lit and the whole pack lays in front of it. Will looks at them and then turns to the window: the snow doesn't stop falling and the wind makes the trees dance.

Despite how dangerous and boring it can be to be snowed in, Will feels almost grateful knowing he won't have to go to work. The last few weeks had been torture, with Jack Crawford dragging him out of his classroom to look at photos of mutilated bodies, get inside the killer's mind and point to the culprit as if he were an oracle. Jack hasn't taken him to an actual crime scene yet, but Will knows it won't be long.

The storm is the perfect excuse to get a well-deserved holiday far away from the worries of his life, so he checks the windows one last time, he pours himself two fingers of whiskey and sits down by the fireplace. Winston gets up and then lays down at his feet, and Buster jumps to get comfortable on his lap; he usually doesn't let the dogs in the furniture but these are extraordinary circumstances so he just rubs behind Buster's ears, sinks on the armchair and gets to his book.

---

When Will opens his eyes the fire in the hearth it's nothing but embers and the only light on is the one from the lamp on the table besides the chair. His glass of whiskey is empty and his book is spread open over his chest. Buster isn't on his lap anymore and when he straightens, he notices that none of his dogs are in the living room.

He rubs a hand across his face to dispel the sleepiness and looks around. Across the windows he can't see the snow that keeps falling, it's past sunset and behind the curtains there's nothing but darkness. He sweeps his eyes all around the room, his eyesight slowly accustoming to the lack of light, the shapes of his furniture becoming more defined. There's no sign of his dogs.

The quietness of the house feels abnormal and the pack's absence makes him nervous. Despite the fact the fireplace is just embers the house feels hot, so much more than hours before but he knows he didn't turn on his heater. A sweat drop rolls down his neck, his wool sweater and pants feel suddenly oppressive.

Will feels something is wrong.

“Guys?” he calls, keeping his voice low like he’s meaning to hide “Winston?”

He whistles quietly, calling Winston since he’s the best behaved of the pack, but he doesn’t hear the tap tap of his paws over the wooden floor.

“Jack?” he tries with the second best behaved “where are you boy?”

He walks slowly to the middle of the living room and then he hears a whine. It sounds like Buster, when Will denies him a treat. He turns his whole body towards the sound: it came from the kitchen but the light it’s turn off and beyond the threshold there’s nothing but thick darkness, like the gaping maw of a cave.

Something is *wrong*.

Another sweat drop dribbles down his forehead, Will cleans it with the back of his hand and walks to the fire. He debates between picking the shotgun mounted on the wall or the handgun resting over the fireplace. He decides for the handgun, alongside a flashlight.

He turns it on, the white beam of light a sharp contrast to the darkness of the house, and holds it with his left hand over his chest, resting his right hand holding the gun over his wrist.

He moves deliberately towards the kitchen, avoiding all the floorboards that squeak. Another noise can be heard then, a low gruffly huff: Zoe when she doesn’t want to do what she’s been told. With his heart at his throat and ready for anything, Will Graham steps into his kitchen and aims.

There’s a man in his kitchen.

His first instinct is to shoot, his index finger tenses over the trigger, but he holds off the impulse because he’s not sure of what he’s looking at.

There’s a man in his kitchen, squatting like a gargoyle over the countertop, his back to the half open window. Will is able to think about how the cold night breeze is getting in, it should be freezing, but instead here it feels even hotter than in the rest of the house.

The man has all his attention on the dogs, sitting in circle in front of him and looking at him with a focus they have never regarded Will with.

However, the weirdest thing about the situation is not the fact that there’s a man, a stranger in his home, or that his dogs are looking at him like listening to gospel, no. The weirdest thing, is that the man has wings.

The stranger is shirtless and Will can see his strong chest, his quite impressive pecs dusted with hair that drips over his belly until it become a happy trail, getting lost at the hem of his very low, very tight leather trousers. His hair is a light, golden brown with silver stripes, it falls over his forehead softly, somehow smoothing the sharp angles of his face though nothing could conceal those cheekbones. From his back, two bat like wings extend, they look leathery and delicate, more like an aesthetic asset than a functional one. Further back, Will

can see a tail, a thin, black appendix that swirls lazily in the air. Over his head, emerging from his hair there's two horns, like a bull's, pointing towards the sky.

Will is aiming at him, his mouth dry and sweating like a pig.

"So, do we have an understanding?" the man says, clearly speaking to the dogs "I promise I'll be very good to your master."

"What the fu—?"

The man turns towards Will, like just now he has noticed his presence. He smiles, showing long, pointy, sharp teeth. His eyes are as red as blood.

---

Will freezes under the man's gaze. A shiver runs down and up his whole body, the hair on his nape and arms raises and goosebumps break all over his skin, but it's not fear what seizes him. No, the feeling that suddenly overcomes him, is arousal.

The heat of the house seems to seep under his skin, it nestles in his lower belly and his genitals. He can feel himself getting hard.

Panic flares up then and he steps back, at the same time the man comes down gracefully from the counter and walks towards him, licking his lips.

"Who are you?" Will asks, very proud of the steadiness of his voice "What do you want?"

"You may call me Hannibal," the man answers with an accent Will can't identify "and as to what I want…just to help you have a good time."

Will swallows dry, fighting against the fear and arousal attempting to cloud his judgment, and adjusts the grip on his gun.

"Stop," he says firmly "don't get any closer, get out of my house."

The man, Hannibal, pouts and stops moving.

"But Will," he whispers, like he's tasting his name "I'm here only to help. Even your canine companions agree that you need something to…*relax*."

Will looks behind Hannibal and sees all his dogs laying down on the kitchen floor, totally unbothered by the man's presence or the fact that Will is two steps away from a panic attack. Traitors.

"Wha— what do you mean?"

Hannibal smiles again.

"I've been observing you" Hannibal explains "and I know how hard you work, in your classes, in the cases you're make to consult on, how hard you fight against the thoughts that

plague your mind. I know how much you need someone to take those heavy burdens from you, even if just for a night."

The words ring truth even if Will doesn't want to admit it. He's tense all the time, he doesn't sleep well, his dreams are filled with nightmares and when he wakes up these don't leave. He has to look at all of what those murderers do, has to step into his disgusting shoes, feel what they feel and when he steps out, fight against his own mind because he could do it better.

Will wouldn't get caught, he could kill and paint the world with beautiful designs and he wouldn't get caught, he could…he could…

But he isn't meant to think about that. It's so much better for his already ruined moral compass that Will gets home with a broken spirit and attempts to drown his thoughts, his yearnings in a glass of whiskey.

"I just want you to let loose these instincts," Hannibal says, like he's hearing his thoughts "or some of them, at least." He adds with a smile.

Hannibal restarts his advance towards him and this time Will doesn't stop him. Hannibal's presence is intoxicating, overwhelming, it pushes away all of Will's worries and frees his mind of his bloody ponderings, it stops him from thinking and isn't that just what he needs? To stop thinking, even for just for one night?

He's not conscious of the moment he lowers his arms, the gun and the flashlight aiming to the ground. He can't see Hannibal clearly now, but he can see his eyes shining crimson against the darkness. Hannibal stops in front of him, the points of their feet touching. Hannibal gets so close their chests flush together and, trembling, Will feels the need to tear away his clothes and feel his skin.

"What do you say, Will Graham?" Hannibal asks, his breath hot and sweet over his lips "Will you let me help you?"

The gun and the flashlight clatter on the floor and Will raises his arms to embrace Hannibal, feeling up the strong muscles of his biceps. His skin is warm, soft and an aching need to bite settles on Will's teeth.

Hannibal sighs and takes his own hands to Will's face, cupping his cheeks almost lovingly and soon enough, he's kissing him. Will moans, the first touch of those plump lips against his own shoots an electric wave through his body, and when Hannibal takes the chance to slip his tongue inside, Will has to hold on to him to don't fall. The kiss is savage, dirty, no one has ever kissed him with such abandon, tracing his teeth and mapping the shape of his mouth, and the taste of that mouth is saccharine.

While he loses himself in that possessive, carnal kiss, Hannibal puts his hand on his waist, then on his ass and gropes his ass cheeks, making Will thrust his hips forward, looking for friction for his now achingly hard dick. Then Hannibal takes him by the back of his thighs and lifts him up like if he were weightless. And that's how he feels, weightless.

Hannibal takes him out of the kitchen and like this were his own home, he walks towards the bed without hesitation. He drops Will on the middle of the mattress and sits over his hips, rutting against him. Will whines at the feeling and looks up, but in the darkness he can't distinguish the other properly and that just seems like a waste. He scrambles to turn on the lamp on his bedside table and Hannibal chuckles. With a snap of his fingers the lamp gets turn on.

Will, his cheeks flushed and his hair tousled, looks at him and another moan gets rip off his mouth at the sight before him. Hannibal is the most beautiful man he has ever seen, his muscles firm and strong and the fat slipping around the hem of his trousers gives him the urge to bite. The huge bulge tenting Hannibal pants makes his mouth water, he wants to see what hides under it, wants to touch and taste.

Hannibal rolls his hips, letting Will's own hard on feel the shape of his ass. Will throws his head back, whining, and he has to make use of all his attention to take off his sweater and the shirt under it. Hannibal hums, pleased at his actions.

"You really need this, don't you, Will?" his says with his husky accent, covering Will's chest with his big hands "you really need someone to fuck you?"

Will can't even be offended because god damn it, he does need a good fuck, and Hannibal is probably going to give him the best of his life.

Hannibal starts playing up with his nipples, rolling them between his fingers, pulling them, and Will has never been particularly sensitive there but now his back bows and he squirms on the bed, pushing against Hannibal's hand, asking him for more. Hannibal pleases him by lowering down and licking his chest, sucking on one of his nipples. Will hangs onto his back, finding the place where his wings are born and caressing the skin around them; Hannibal sighs over his skin, shivering, and then trails kisses over his chest and collarbones, getting to his neck to nibble and suck over his pulse point.

Will feels delirious, the feelings amplified by some magic, he feels like nothing exists but Hannibal, his own body and the bed the lay upon, though he knows if the bed were to disintegrate he wouldn't even notice. He has never feel like this, so out of himself, so aroused, so…free.

"What…what are you?" he moans, his eyes lost somewhere on the ceiling.

"Mmm," Hannibal hums, tracing his ear with his tongue "can't you make a guess?"

It's hard to get his thoughts in order with the fog Hannibal's presence has set over him, but he makes the effort.

"The…the devil."

Hannibal laughs.

"No, my dear Will, not the Devil."

“De—demon.”

“That’s right,” Hannibal nods, moving to give the same treatment to his other ear “a succubus to be precise.”

“Succubus…?” Will asks, frowning.

“A demon that feeds on the sexual energy of humans,” Hannibal explains, misunderstanding Will’s questioning “and I’ve been wishing for such a long time to feed from you.”

Hannibal slips down the bed, leaving searing kisses over Will’s chest and stomach on his way, and then undresses Will of his pants and boxers. He sets free Will’s weeping cock, he takes it with one hand and strokes it reverently, he pushes down on one bulging vein making it twitch in his hand and his expression changes, his eyes brighter, his mouth hanging open with a moan.

“I’ve wanted,” he murmurs, getting his face closer to Will’s dick, breathing deeply “I’ve wanted it for so long…”

Without warning Hannibal leans down and swallows all of Will’s cock.

“Fuck!” Will screams, his hands readily tangling on Hannibal’s hair.

He squirms, his hips thrusting upwards, chasing that soft, warm mouth. It feels nothing like any previous blowjob he has had, Hannibal takes him so easily not even a moment passes until he’s buried deep in the demon’s throat, feeling the muscles clenching around the head of his cock. Hannibal swallows, helping him feel the contractions more clearly, and Will can’t do nothing but moan and pray to don’t just cum, even though he knows he’s not going to last.

Hannibal drools around his cock, making the glide easier, he sucks howling his cheeks, uses his tongue to trace every crevice of his skin and the insinuation of sharp teeth on his sensitive flesh has Will wailing.

“Ha— Hannibal,” Will manages “I— ah, fuck, I’m gonna…”

Hannibal redoubles his efforts, it makes Will dissolve into incoherent moaning until his orgasm is rip out of him with such strength he thinks he blacks out for a moment. Hannibal sucks him off through all of it, like he wants to suck his soul out of his cock and, well, maybe that’s exactly what he wants.

When Hannibal has gotten the last drop of semen out of Will, he lets go of his dick with an obscene, wet “pop” that resounds in the empty house.

Will is breathing heavily with his eyes unfocused. He feels like his bones and muscles are made of jelly, and he has never cum so hard in his life.

“Okay,” he heaves “okay, I did need that.”

Hannibal laughs good naturally and positions himself between Will’s legs, he takes him by the back of his knees and bends him almost in half, exposing his spent dick and fluttering

hole. Will's eye open with surprise, he doesn't remember being half this flexible and…and he's getting hard again.

"We are not done yet," Hannibal says, grinding his huge bulge against Will's ass "there's so much more I want to give you…"

Will bites his lip, imagining how good Hannibal is going to fuck him, thinking about that surely enormous dick inside of him but…he has a theory.

He doesn't feel as dazed as before, now that Hannibal has made him cum once his presence isn't as intoxicating, so Will gathers his strength and surges to tackle Hannibal on the bed.

Surprise colors Hannibal features but he doesn't try to get Will off him. In fact, his body goes lax and his long legs open invitingly. Will smiles.

"You said you are a succubus." Wills starts, taking Hannibal's thighs and pushing them open, his leather pants are surprisingly lithe "Succubus, from the Latin succubare: to lie under."

His cock is fully hard again so he returns the favor and grinds against Hannibal's ass cheeks, just like the demon was doing before. Hannibal's pupils blow up, just a crimson ring visible around them and from his lips moans start dripping, thick as honey.

Hannibal looks at him and manages a weak smile.

"Not many are familiar with the etymology but I…oh…I should've know…" he says between moans "I should've know someone...ah, someone so extraordinary like you, Will Graham…"

The rest of his sentence gets drown between his whines. Will takes his hands to Hannibal's juicy pecs and gropes them, squeezes them harshly, caring more for his own pleasure at touching them than trying to pleasure Hannibal, but it's evident the demon is enjoying it just as much. Will pushes them together and leans down to lick at the crack they form, noticing how soft Hannibal's chest hair is.

He drops kisses all around his pecs until he finds a nipple and takes it inside his mouth. Will has been with more women than men, so he's confident in his skills here. He uses his teeth to bite and give Hannibal a tease of pain, and Hannibal convulses under him, moaning loudly.

"Fuck," Will says "they're almost like breasts…"

This make Hannibal go still and Will stops, turning to look at him.

"Would you prefer a female body?" he asks, face unreadable "I can provide it, if you'd like."

Will doesn't even have to think about it.

"Hell no," he says, rolling a nipple between his fingers "I was just saying."

He sinks again on Hannibal's chest and spends a long time there. He licks, he sucks, he bites, he leaves teeth shaped marks that would look really ugly in the morning in a human, but

Hannibal doesn't care for the rough treatment, likes it even. He moans like a bitch in heat when Will, getting lost in the moment, bites down hard enough to break skin and draw blood.

When he finally tires of playing with his chest, Will rises up and looks down at Hannibal with a drop of blood on his lower lip.

"Take off your clothes," he orders, his voice husky and commanding.

Hannibal shivers under the show of dominance and in a blink, the leather trousers are no more.

"Fuck…" Will curses, seeing Hannibal's huge cock in all of its glory.

Not even in porn has he seen one so big, so thick and so delicious. He takes it between his two hands, not even covering the whole length, and strokes it, watching with fascination as it drips like a faucet. It's the most erotic thing Will has seen in his life. He gathers some of the pre-cum with two fingers and brings them to his mouth, it tastes between bitter and sweet, like dark chocolate.

"You're so sweet," he says, watching Hannibal with bright, hungry eyes "I wonder if all of you are this sweet."

"Will…"

Will slips down the bed, just like Hannibal did before giving him the best head of his life, but even though Hannibal's cock is there begging to be sucked, there's something else he wants to taste. He takes Hannibal's cheeks and spreads them as much as he can. Hannibal plants his feet on the mattress, rises his hips and takes his own hands to his ass, helping Will to spread him open.

Will curses under his breath looking at the tight ring of muscles that's now in display, and uses a finger to try its resistance. Hannibal's hole gives up easily under the pressure and Will curses again when he realizes Hannibal is wet here too, a gush of slickness pouring out around his finger.

Hannibal's inside are searing hot and so much softer than any man or woman he's even been with, he can't wait to get his dick inside. But there's something he needs to do first.

"Will!" Hannibal moans when he feels Will's tongue over his hole "Oh, Will…"

He licks with gusto, noticing that his wetness here tastes just like his pre-cum. He seals his lips around his rim and sucks, making Hannibal whine and writhe on the bed, one of his legs coming up to circle Will's neck. He keeps going, pushing his tongue against the hole until he gets inside, fucking Hannibal like this, until the demon is coming apart.

"Oh, Will! Will! My dear Will…!"

Hannibal's rims clenches rhythmically around his tongue and Will feels something wet and hot dripping on his hair. He kneels up and notices Hannibal came. A ridiculous amount of

semen drools down his cock, his balls, and it dribbles to his crack and then to the bed. Will looks at him, licking his lips, feeling very smug at making the other cum with just his tongue.

Hannibal, who had his head hanging off the edge of the bed while he squirmed through his orgasm, gets up slowly on his elbows. His sharp cheekbones are dusted with a beautiful blush, his lips look even poutier and pleasure tears gather in the corner of his eyes. He's looking at Will with something akin to shame.

"I…I apologize," he says with a shaky voice "I'm supposed to be the one pleasing you, I…"

Will looks at him with an incredulous expression, and wonders if this is why Hannibal pretended to fuck him instead of the other way around.

He leans forward and takes Hannibal by the chin, angling his face for a filthy kiss. He kisses him until he feels him relax.

"I'm pleased," Will assures him "and I know you can please me even more, don't you baby?"

Hannibal nods enthusiastically and then turns around, planting his chest on the bed, rising his ass and opening his legs, using his hands to spread his cheeks. His tail dances excitedly from side to side and his wings flutter, as in anticipation. Will pretty much salivates at the sight and without losing any more time, he pushes his cock inside Hannibal.

"Fuck!"

It's easy to get inside him, he slides until he's balls deep in one swift motion, and he's so tight it almost hurts. It's the most marvelous thing Will has ever felt around his dick and he's glad that Hannibal is not human because he wouldn't have been able to wait for him to adjust.

He puts a foot on the mattress to have better leverage and thrusts with all his might. He hangs to Hannibal's hips but between the sweat dripping down both of them and the strength of his movements, Hannibal slips away over the bed. In a moment of brightness, however, Will realizes Hannibal actually comes with handles.

He puts his hands around Hannibal's horns, and they must be a sensitive part of his body since he moans louder and despite the painful arc the hold forces on his neck, there's a smile on his lips and his pupils completely swallow the red of his eyes.

"Yes, Will, like that! Please, please! Harder, harder, Will…! Will!"

Sweat dripping down his forehead, down his neck and chest, Will makes the effort of giving him just what he wants, fucking into him with abandon, the wet slap of their skin a debauched sound, the bed creaking under them. He's never been gladder to live in the middle of nowhere.

He squeezes Hannibal's horns, nothing but moans and incoherent pleads dribble from the demon's mouth, and even though he loves the effect holding him like this has, Will lets go with one hand to instead look under Hannibal's body, looking for his hard cock. He strokes it harshly, his hold painfully tight, but clearly Hannibal likes it rough.

“Will, Will, I…!”

“Yes, darlin’,” Will says between his own hard breaths, flushing his chest to Hannibal’s back, flattening his wings and talking to his ear “cum for me, Hannibal.”

Like his words were orders, Hannibal cums on the spot with a deep, animalistic groan. The clenching of his hole is too much for Will and he finishes too, pouring all his load inside the other.

Will collapses over Hannibal’s back, totally spent but satisfied. After a moment, he notices a vibration under him and frowns, until he realizes that Hannibal is *purring*, like a cat, and his face breaks into a smile. He hugs him from behind and starts peppering kisses along his shoulders.

After some minutes, the only thing in Will’s mind is sleep, but the feeling of drying semen and sweat is too distracting, so he gets up. When he does, he notices his own cum dripping down Hannibal’s hole and into the bed.

“Wait here,” he says “I’ll be back in a sec.”

While he goes to the bathroom to fetch a wet, warm towel, he has the terrible thought that Hannibal will be gone when he goes back. It saddens him to think about it so he hurries and sighs in relief when he sees Hannibal is still there, just like he left him.

“I, uh, I’m going to clean you up,” he says hesitantly.

“All right,” Hannibal whispers and spreads his legs more. Will swallows.

It occurs to him that Hannibal isn’t sore like a human would be but he’s careful anyway. He asks him to turn around so he can clean his penis and his stomach too. When he’s done, he cleans himself while looking at the wet stain on his sheets, hoping it won’t reach the mattress.

Once both of them are more or less clean, Will sits by the headboard. Hannibal watches him from the other side of the bed, his expression carefully neutral. Will worries his lips, nervous all of the sudden, not knowing the etiquette for sexual encounters with supernatural beings. He wonders if it’s the same as having a night one stand with a person, if he’s meant to forget about Hannibal. He can’t imagine it.

Doubtfully, he opens his arms as in invitation and still with a blank face, Hannibal crawls over the bed until he nestles between his arms, resting his head on Will’s chest. Wills hugs him and sighs.

“That…” he starts, wanting to break the silence “that was amazing.”

“I’m happy you think so.”

Will thoughts are all over the place. This is the most fucked up, weird thing that has ever happened to him, but also one of the bests. Hannibal’s body is warm and soft and it seems to fit perfectly against his own. For some reason, he feels a sort of…kinship with Hannibal that

he has never felt with anyone else. He almost laughs bitterly because of course, Will Graham, the weirdo that can think like a killer, feels kinship with a demon.

“Can I ask you something?” Will whispers.

“What do you want to know?”

“You don’t have to answer if you don’t want to but…if you’re a succubus, why were you going to fuck me instead of having me fuck you?”

Hannibal stays silent for a long while, so long Will guesses he won’t have an answer and long enough to start beating himself up for even bringing it up. When Hannibal talks, it startles him.

“I don’t like humans,” he says, without seeing the irony since he’s cuddling with one right now “I just take what I need from them.”

“You like dominating them?”

Hannibal hums, pleased with Will’s deduction.

“Humans aren’t superior to me, I don’t like letting them forget it.”

Will thinks about this for a moment.

“Then, why did you let me fuck you?”

From this angle Will can’t see Hannibal’s face properly, but notices how he wiggles and hides his face further in Will’s chest. When he talks, he feels the words against his skin.

“I’ve been observing you for a long time, Will…I find you interesting.”

Maybe Will should be more worried about a demon keeping tabs on him, or he should wonder what it means that a supernatural entity finds him interesting, but all he feels is the warm fluttering of hope in his chest.

“You mean this isn’t a one night stand? We’ll see each other again?”

Hannibal sits up to look at Will. His face is full of curiosity, his eye shinning red again and Will thinks those are the most beautiful eyes he’s ever seen.

“I’d like to,” Hannibal admits.

Will nods.

“And it will be just for sex? Or we can do other things?”

“What kind of things?”

“Uh…” Will doubts, but well, in for an inch “I don’t know, go have dinner or something…”

Hannibal's makes a sharp intake of air, his eyes widening with surprise and then he smiles, an almost juvenile enthusiasm in his features.

"I like the opera," he exclaims "did you know there'll be a presentation of Faust at the Baltimore Opera House next month?"

Will can't help laughing, Faust? Really?

"I didn't know," he says with a smile "but I'll make sure to get nice seats."

Hannibal looks at him like Will just hang the stars up in the sky and if his eyes get a little wet, they don't bring attention to it. Instead, Will kisses him, slow and chaste.

"I'm tired," he mumbles when they separate.

"Sleep then."

"Will you be here when I wake up?"

"I'm afraid no, but I'll return tomorrow night, if that's what you want."

"Yes, that…that sounds nice," Will says with a yawn.

They get under the covers and this time Will snuggles on Hannibal's chest.

That night, he sleeps all eight hours without waking and he doesn't get any nightmares.

---

At morning, Hannibal isn't anywhere to be found, but the stain on his sheets that did get to the mattress is the only proof that Will needs to know he didn't lose his mind and imagined what happened last night. The kitchen's window is open too and his gun and the flashlight are still on the floor.

He picks them up and walks to put them on their place by the fireplace, and notices all his dogs sleeping soundly in the living room. When he gets close, Winston lifts his head. Will frowns, remembering what Hannibal said about his pack.

"What did you guys say to Hannibal about me?" he reproaches.

Winston whines and lowers his ears, but Will smiles at him and kneels at his side.

"Good boy," he praises, and kisses his forehead.

End Notes

i'm gonna be honest with you fam, this isn't a one on one translation for the spanish version of this work, i truly believe this one is better because i'm just so used to write smut in english rather than in spanish. english truly is the lenguage for porn

thanks for reading! <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!